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THE PARENTS PIOUS GIFT.

OR, A

Choise Present for

CHILDREN:

Set forth in a Dialogue betwixt a Religious Father and an Extravagant Son.

Printed in the Year, 1704.

The Parents Pious Gift

Or, a Choice Present for CHILDREN.

Set forth in a Dialogue betwixt a Religious Father and an extravagant Son

Father.

TEll me, sweet Son! what dost thou meun to do,
This vitious Course of Life will bring thee to
Destruction, if you venter to proceed:
Therefore return, return my Son with speed.

Son, What need you thus concern your self for me?
Resolv'd I am to take my Libertie:
Why should I not, since other Gallants do:
The World methinks is pleasant to my view.

Fath. Those pleasant joyes but for a moment last,
And when that Golden dream is gone & past
The sting of Conscience may bring up the rear
Consider this, my Son, and stand in fear.

Son, What should I fear, that have the World at will,

Defie

Besides my Fellow boon Companions still
Delight themselves with Mirth and jollitry,
Behold they feast, dance, drink & why not I?

Faith. If willfull Men, willfully run on
And break through all the Laws of God and Man,
It is no Christian Argument that you,
For Friendships sake should sin and perish too.

Son. Perhaps I feast as other gallants may;
Perhaps with Wine I pass my time away,
With such delights my senses shall be cloy'd.
Why were they sent if not to be enjoy'd?

Faith. My Son those Creatures are as blessings sent.
Purely for mans refreshing nourishment,
But if in any wise they are abus'd,
How can you think the sin shall be excus'd?
Thy Lawless Mirth disturbs my quiet rest,
My aged Heart lyes bleeding in my breast
To see the sad destruction of my Son,
Why will ye thus to dismall ruin run?
Why will ye not bad Company forsake?
Why will ye not my Christian Counsell take?
Why will you sin and slight the means of grace?
Return return, whilst thou hast time & space.

Son. Father shou'd I your awful will obey,

And quite forsake my Friends, what
won'd they say?
Not one of them but what won'd scof I'm sure
For serious Men they never could endure,
Conscience begins to call me by degrees,
Then were I not in danger to displease
My jovial Friends, I won'd Religious grow,
But they will count me this, and that, I know.
Fath. My Son let lewd Companions
speak their worst
Be thou Religious, Upright, True and Just
Then shalt be Crown'd with Glory for the
same,
While those that slight thee may be cloath'd
with shame
Pass through the Vail of low humilitie,
And Righteous Men shal thy Companions be
whose patience like a golden shield shal screen
Thy soul my Son from Satans hateful Spleen
Frequent the Church and put away thy sins:
Keep close to God, who is the best of Friends,
He'l be thy hope, thy strength & comfort then
If so what needs thou fear the Sons of Men
but should you slight your God, and hug
your Pride
Without Grace you can be satisfy'd;

If

If to the House of Prayer you will not go,
His love may turn to wrath and endless woe.
Sin. Father, my Eyes are open'd, & I see,
Destruction ready to be pour'd on Me;
With more then common grief I am oppress,
Where shal I fl e to find a place of Rest?
If to my wealthy Palace what comfort's there?
If to my Pride, that cannot ease my care;
If lastly to my Tavern Friends I fly,
They can't help me, they've sin'd as well as I;
My hope I have put in my God alone,
Then on my bended Knees before the Throne
Of Grace Mercy will I weep and Cry,
Hoping He will vouchafe to cast an Eye,
Of pity on a Sinner in distress:
His Laws henceforth I never will transgress
But make them my continual Rule and Guide
That through his Grace I may be Glorified.
Tempter. I stand amaz'd to find you weeping here,
Your Zealous Father hath been too severe;
But minde him not, cheer up thy Heart with Wine,
Then e're he dies, all that he has is thine
Son. h. I neither stand in need of Wine nor Wealth

It is my precious Souls Eternal Heath,
Which I am seeking. Tempter don't intrude,
Disturb me not in this my solitude.

Tempt. *Disturb thee? no I come, I come in Love*
And would not have thee aim at things above
Thy understanding: cast that Book aside,
And with thy jovial Friends be satisfy'd;
There's joy and mirth fit for thy blooming years,
Here's none but sobs with bitter sighs and tears:
Chear up my Darling, and thy joys renew,
Let others weep that has more cause then you.

Youth. *Had ever sinner greater cause then I?*
Ala! there does a weighty burthen ly
Upon my wounded tender Conscience here:
Undone, I am, if God shou'd me severe.

Tempt. *What a strange fond and passion thou art in:*
There's many thousands worse then thou hast been
For wickedness, I'll make it well appear,
Who ne'er so much as shed a single Tear:
You never dipt your hands in Infants Blood,

You

You ne'er laid Cities in a reaking flood,
These are the sins that does for Vengeance call,
But as for thine, they'r few or none at all:
Perhaps sometimes at Cards and Dice you
play,
And now and then upon the Sabbath Day,
You take a Glass or Bottle, with your friends
What if you did, these are but slender sins.

Youth. *How can you these deceitful*
words express,
What is the dreadful sin of Drunkenness,
And the prophaning of the Sabbath Day,
Of such a small account with you I pray.
I charge you in the Holy blessed Name,
Of our good God to go from whence you came
I've set my hand unto the Plough this day,
And live or die, I'll not be drawn away.

Sath. *What doe you slight my Love*
and kindness then?
If so perhaps, I'l move the Sons of Men,
To persecute Thee even unto Death.

Youth. *I fear thee not, Life's but a*
blast of Breath.
Let wicked men and devils do their worst,
I have a God in whom I put my trust,
Who can and will defend me evermore,

While

The Friendly Gift.

[illegible] my Ears I do his Aid implore,
[illegible] Sathan found he could not make
him yield,
With Rage and fury straight he quits the
Field,
Whilst this sweet Youth through Faith and
patience true,
To finish the great work he had begun:
Farewel false friends, quoth he adieu
I have no pleasure nor delight in you,
The Grace of God is more to me he cry'd,
Than all the Riches in the World beside:
Blessed be God that e're I was reprov'd,
Blest be my Father who in kindness mov'd,
His Stubborn Son by force of Argument
For this hath brought me early to repent.
This is a Gift for Parents far and near,
Present it to your Sons and Daughters dear.
That by this Youth they may a pattern take
Flee for the Love of God their sins forsake.

FINIS.